



*“junt@s fazem
Abril de novo:
Fascismo nunca mais!”*

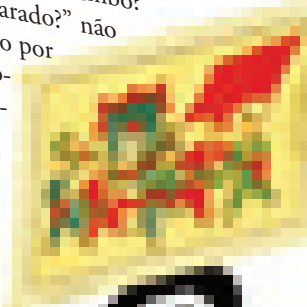
os pintores voluntários em Alpiarça



o catálogo dos muros Alpiarcenses 2013



Recentemente um grupo selecto de homens extremamente ricos da troika decidiram alterar o rumo do Capitalismo Português do modo de crise para o modo moderada perguntou ao Ministro das Finanças alemão “porque é que lhes atira boias de salvação de chumbo? Para que reacção popular está você preparado?” não havia estranhamente câmaras da televisão por perto. Foi um dia especial, e como o economista frequentava o mesmo parlamento nacional e tinha estatuto de membro, o Ministro respondeu em pleno alemão: “Isto é como a guerra fria e a corrida às armas nucleares. Se a população portuguesa nos ameaça, nós ameaçamos a população portuguesa. A nossa ameaça prevalecerá. Ganhámos a primeira guerra fria. Agora vamos ganhar esta.”



Ucrânia, que depois de 22 anos de capitalismo austero é já o segundo país em todo o mundo com mais casos de tuberculose infantil, decidiram largar os seus empregos e o seu estúdio, pegar nas suas poupanças, ludibriar os seguros de saúde e juntar-se à luta popular portuguesa. Viajaram 5.000 km para oeste para viver ilegalmente num parque de campismo desmantelado próximo de uma vila em tumulto onde não conheciam absoluta mente ninguém. Acreditavam que estes tempos precisavam de uma compreensão intransigentemente prática da solidariedade. Este é o resultado do seu trabalho em 500 metros quadrados de muros pintados depois de meio anos a misturar braços e pincéis...





para Romi, Wiltrud e Andy

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Fascismo nunca mais!"
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de 16 de Março a 13 de Abril 2013.



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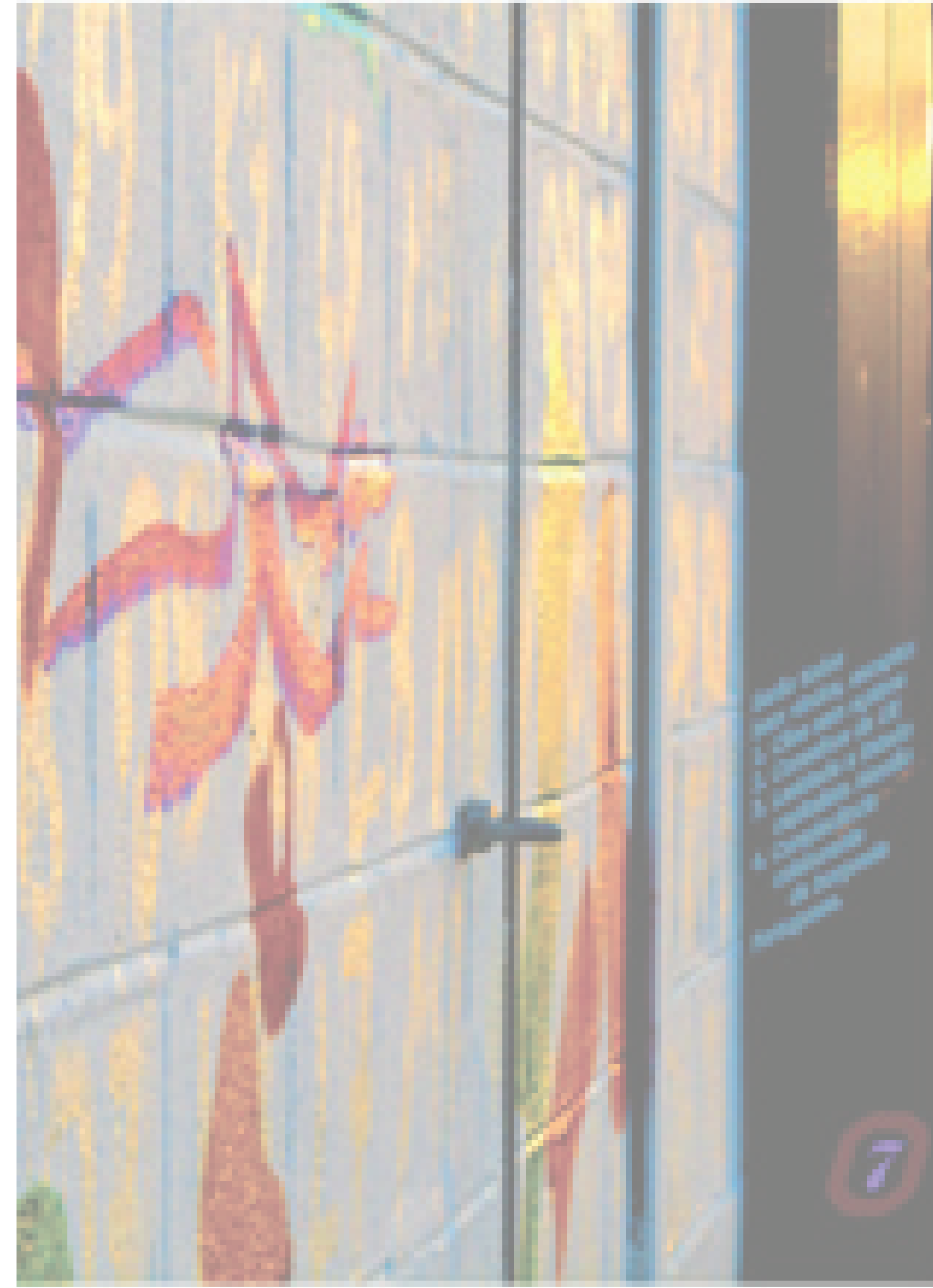
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Os pintores voluntários em Alpiarça Maša, Outubrinka e Martin assumem a responsabilidade pelo conteúdo e pela forma da exposição e deste catalogo – nem a Biblioteca nem a Câmara Municipal de Alpiarça.

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Sábado – 14h30 às 19h

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índice

página **8** os acusados de
infracção

16 o conjunto em esboços

18 o conjunto de realização

22 a gerência literária
do Abril

21 “não.”

23 “vamos!”

27 mulheres de Abril

29 “Tanta paisagem!”

31 “tudo”

32 acções e situações
da oficina aberta

38 blogues cativos

40 outros blogues

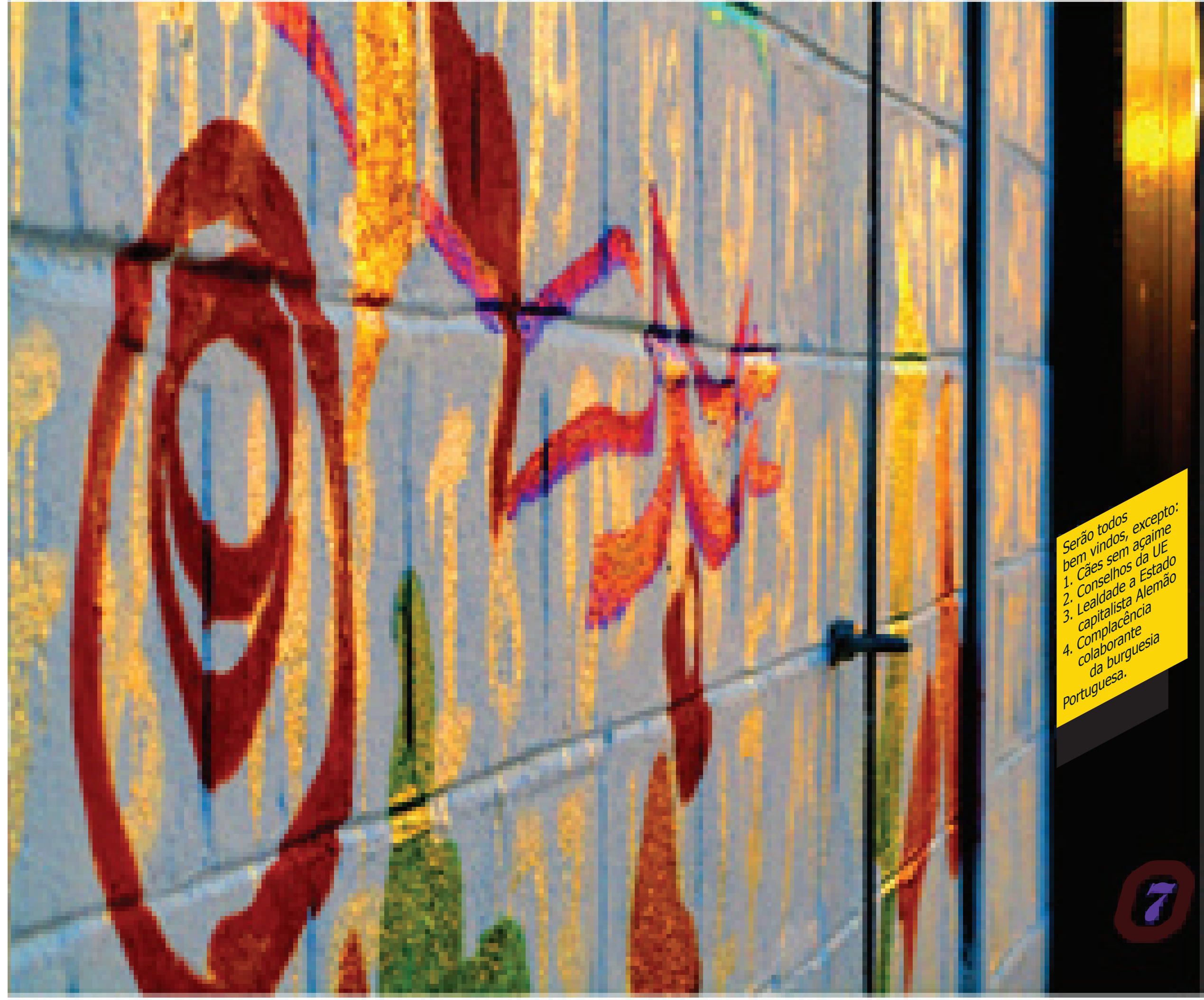
44 o registo
de intervenções da
“Academia do Fresco Livre”,
de 1987 em Alpiarça

55 endemic right - exotic left

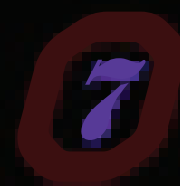
58 paisagem Alpiarçense

60 continuador@s de Abril em
Alpiarça, o início de
uma galeria de retractos

64 investigação
da lei dos contrastes



Serão todos
bem vindos, excepto:
1. Cães sem açaime
2. Conselhos da UE
3. Lealdade a Estado
capitalista Alemão
4. Complacência
colaborante
da burguesia
Portuguesa.



os acusados de infracção

Procura-se:

três trabalhadores
de pincel,

agora em liberdade.

...com intenções perigosas para a ordem dominante de
fazer (agri-)cultura em Alpiarça... a ordem de herbicidas sistémicas;

8



Maša



Outu-
brinca



Maša foi em 2003 professora docente de física, a mais jovem na Universidade Estatal de Kiev KISI. Elaborou uma nova teoria para explicar a variação em pólos magnéticos sul no 6º continente. "Quero morar na Antártica: lá em baixo não só há comunistas simpáticos como em Alpiarça mas mais, o que me faltava muito aqui: a neve". Deixou a sua carreira de física para estudar arquitectura. Frequentou cursos de desenho e pintura na Academia de Belas Artes de Kiev, Ucrânia.

9

Paralelamente, desenvolveu um trabalho de investigação de carácter de natureza de física, sobre a variação dos pólos magnéticos sul no 6º continente. Este trabalho foi publicado em 2003 na revista "Física" da Universidade de Kiev. Maša é actualmente professora de física na Universidade de Kiev.

11

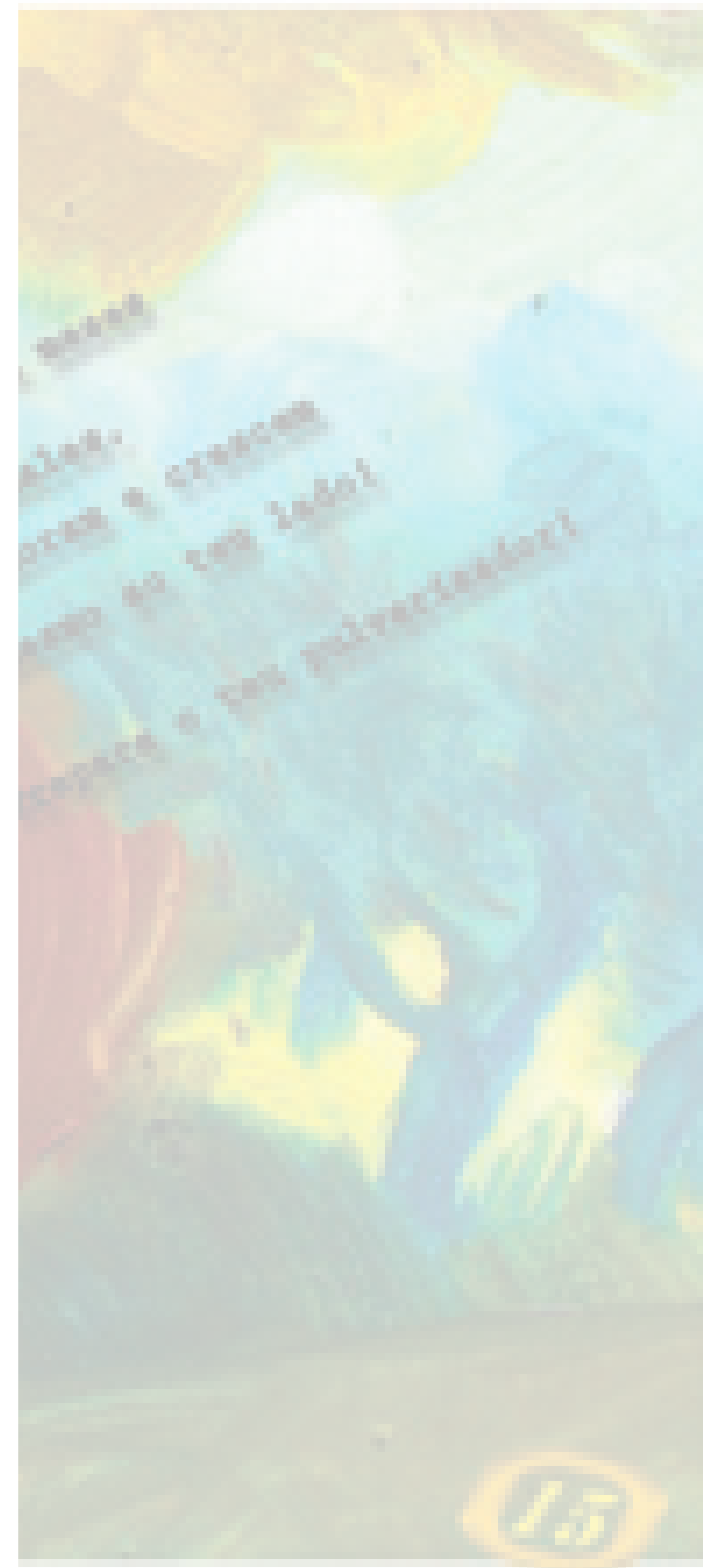


Martin



Martin é um jovem de 25 anos, estudante de física na Universidade de Kiev. É um dos poucos que se dedicou à física pura, sem qualquer aplicação prática.

13



os acusados de intracç

Procura-se:

três trabalhadores
de pincel.

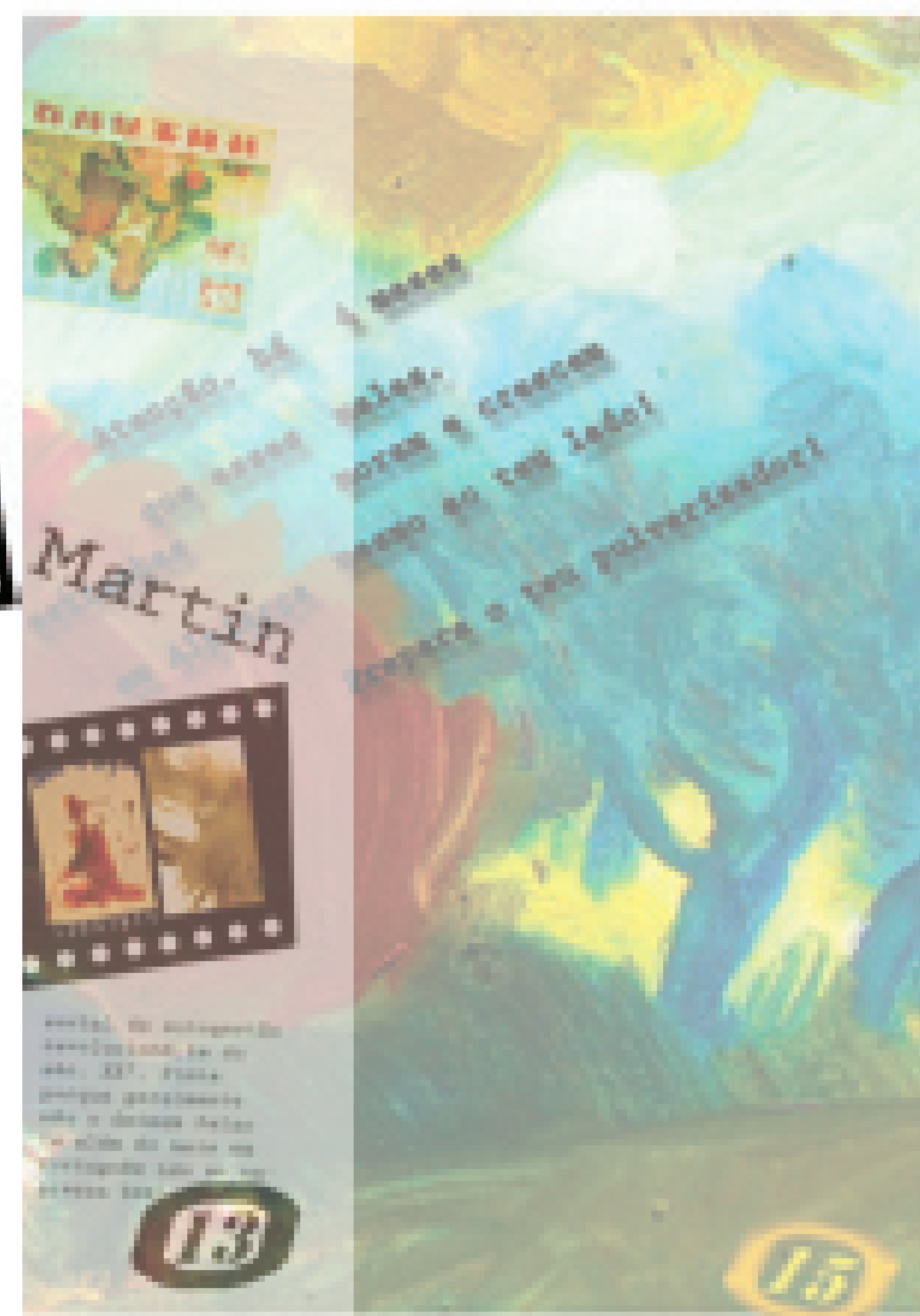


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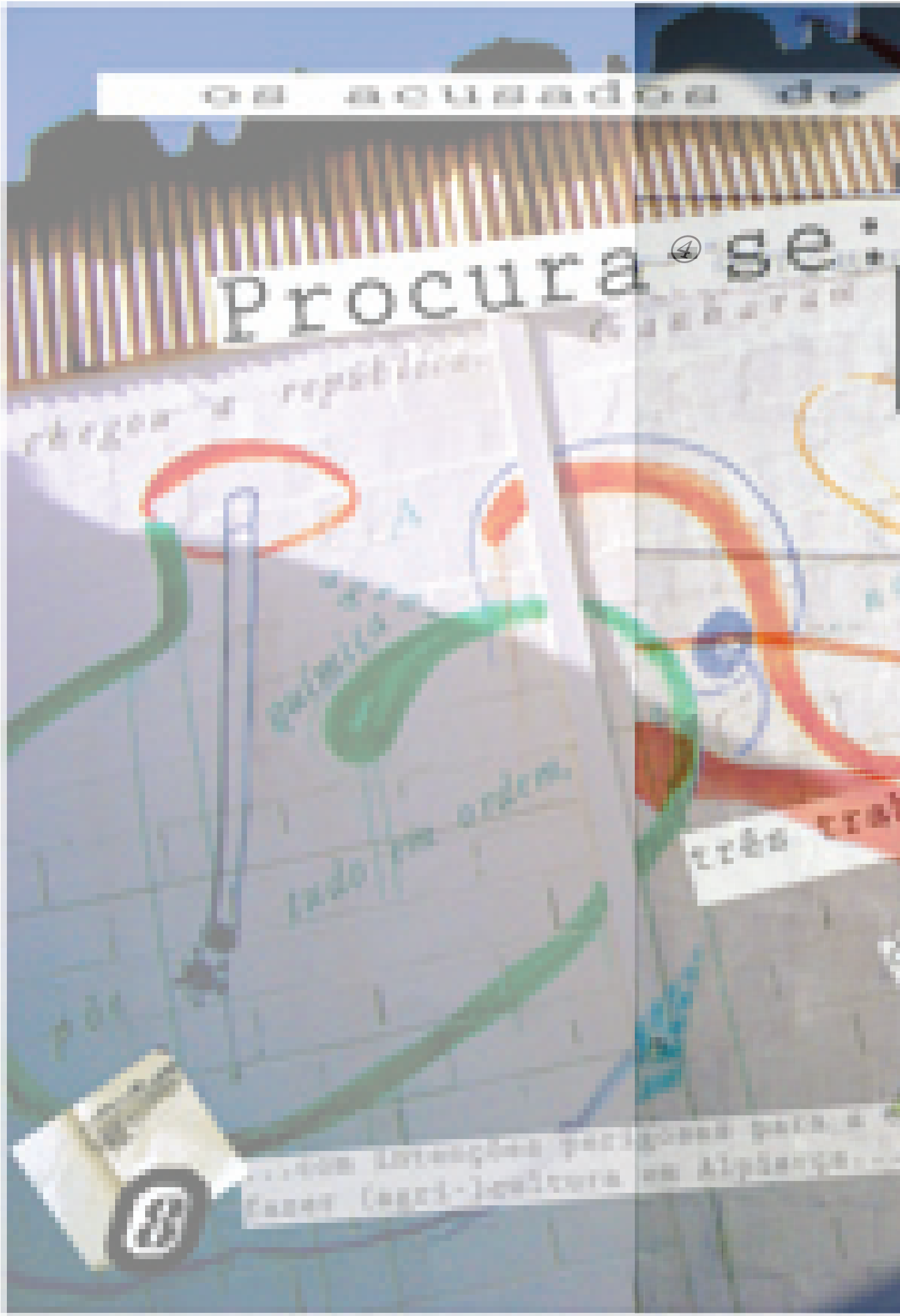
Outu-
brinca

Outubrinca, nasceu
no 94º aniversário
da revolução de
Outubro em Kiev.
Viveu mais que um
quarto de sua vida
em Alpiarça. Ama
muito dois gritos
revolucionários:
um árabe, da inti-
fada: "Olá! (Allahu
Akbar)" e outro do
25 de Abril 1974:
"Não!". Pinta e
desenha todos os
dias, e se não
deixam, ela revol-
ta-se contra todos.



13

15



12

Martin estudou na escola de Roma, Itália, e na Academia de Belas Artes de Florença.

Diplomado em belas artes em 1999.

Com 15 anos de idade fugiu ilegalmente da escola para viver durante os anos 1986 e 1987 na Austrália.

Ingressou clandestinamente numa escola de Melbourne inspirada por comunistas da Jugoslávia.

Filipinas.

Licenciado em engenharia agrícola ecológica tropical em 1994.

Perdeu a sua função de docente doutorado na Universidade de Berlim por trabalhar no Instituto de História de Cuba do Comité Central PCC, Havana, em tempo de "embargo cultural da UE" 2003-2005,

não deixando contudo de continuar a

Martin

12031971

e objectores de consciência à guerra dos EUA no Vietnam, em suporte activo dos rebeldes Comunistas de Mindanau,

investigação para o seu novo livro "A história

social de autogestão revolucionária do séc. XX". Pinta porque geralmente não o deixam falar (e além do mais em Português não se expressa bem).

13





Maša: “Na nossa exposição apresentamos todos os passos da criação do mural (500 metros quadrados). Aqui mostramos todos os esboços, partindo de uma escala de 1 : 316, muito pequena, até a uma escala de 1 : 100

depois uma escala de 1 : 31,6... uma escala de 1 : 10 acabando numa escala de 1 : 3,16. Nesta escala planeámos 3 murais, uma vez que assim ocupávamos todo o espaço do nosso aposento e, na verdade, todo o papel de que dispúnhamos no momento.

temos os esboços em vários tipos de papel, branco e castanho. Para o modelo usámos papel acartonado que nos foi oferecido num pequeno e simpático supermercado, depois de o grande Maxi

se recusado dar-nos o cartão das embalagens de que já não precisavam. Nos projectos podemos ver letras e

números como N18, L13, etc... Esses mesmos símbolos estão visíveis no Pavilhão de Exposições da Feira de Alpiarça. Decidimos não os apagar da parede porque criam ritmos e atmosferas interessantes. Além disso

eles brilham como ouro entre as 17h00 e as 18h00 no muro principal (junto da estrada), o que cria um efeito fantástico que apanhámos em fotografia, p. 7. “

o conjunto em esboços

16

17

19



18

o conjunto de realização

19

a gerência literária de Abril

Propomos
5 reflexões sobre um
texto cheio de sugestões e
promessas

... incumpridas

① José Saramago. 1980.
Levantado do Chão,

“não era fácil

entender o que é uma revolução e como se faz,
e se nos pusessemos com explicações de palavra,
o mais certo seria alguém dizer, perguntar,
com todo o ar de quem não acredita.
Ah, isso é que é uma revolução.”

p. 351:

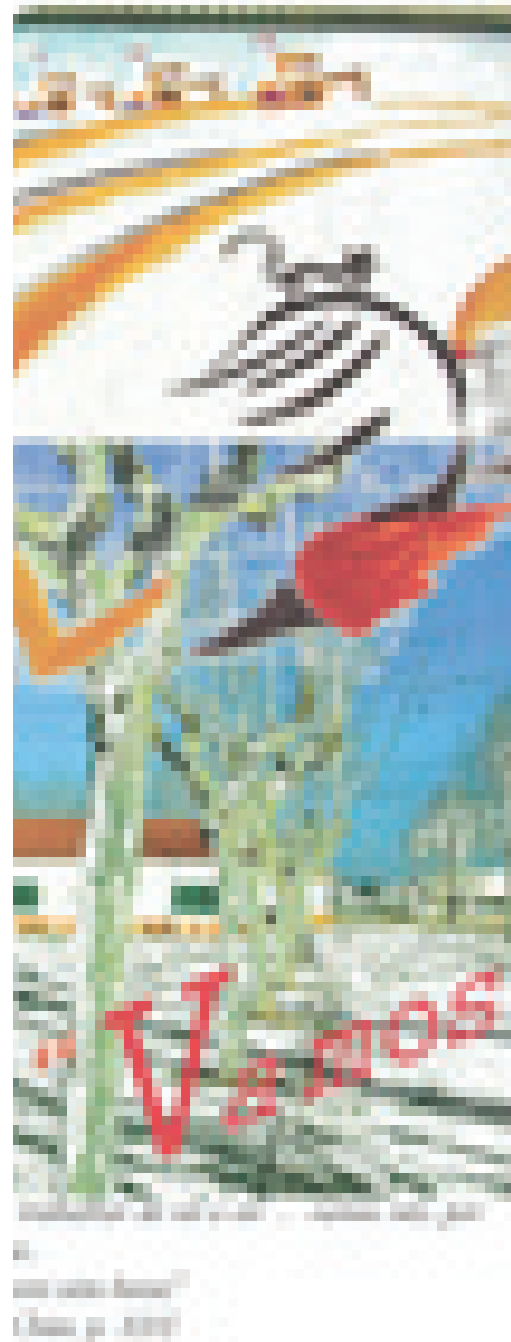
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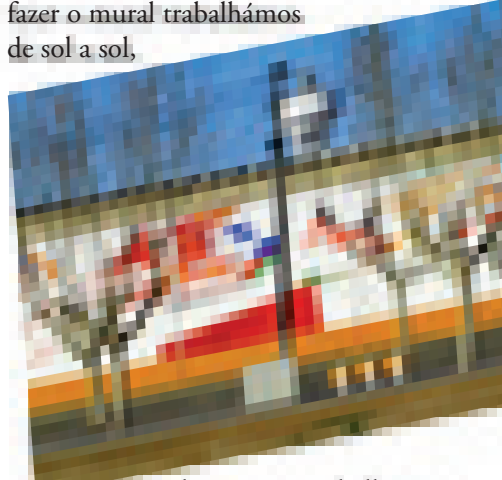
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31





Porque é que os nossos amigos
conselheiros gostaram tanto dessas pa-
lavras, mais que muitas outras? Talvez
porque eles têm uma compreensão da
acção e poder colectivo que a nossa
experiência não nos deixa ter? Para
fazer o mural trabalhámos
de sol a sol,



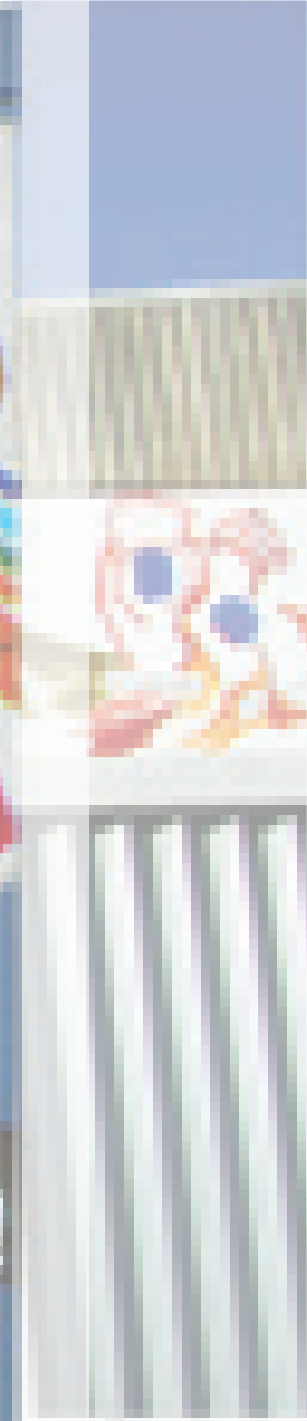
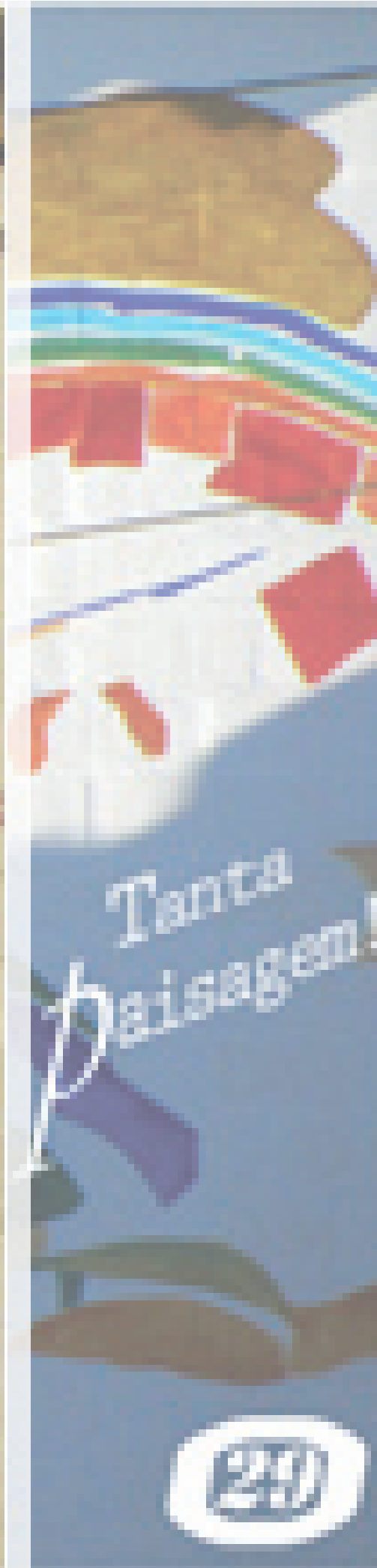
sempre pensando que não trabalháva-
mos demasiado. Talvez seja romântico
relembrar a luta das 8 horas quando
Alpiarça já tinha as 7 horas antes de
Abril... Agora perde-se tudo com os
golpes da troika e seus empresários
desvanecidos com o seu êxito soberbo.



para as oito horas, basta de trabalhar de sol a sol ... vamos nós, por
nossas mãos, acordar a besta que dorme,
sacudi-la e dizer, Amanhã, só trabalharei oito horas”
[José Saramago. 1980. Levantado do Chão, p. 333]

Então fizemos uma pequena análise de
economia política no mural.
Gastámos 7.799,50 Euros para percor-
rer 5.414 km e realizar todo o trabalho
durante 4 meses fim a 16.3.2013 (ex-
cluindo dos calculos, os gastos médicos
com um acidente de rua de 1.412,81
Euros). A mãe de Martin tem uma pen-
são de pintora de menos de 550,- Euros
por mês – graças ao seu trabalho de
educar dois professores universitários e
um professor falido (pintor), para quem
ela reserva 200 euros por mês, aju-
dando na sobrevivência sempre precária
dos pintores em Alpiarça, não tendo
dinheiro sequer para a sua assistência de
saúde.

Restam 6.799,00 Euros de débito (sem
gastos médicos), estando os amigos
mais impacientes do que nunca por
causa da crise. Para aliviar este peso
psicológico, o público de Alpiarça doou
14,50 Euros (provenientes de retratos
pessoais efectuados a essas pessoas), 80
kg de roupa usada para bebé, 50 kg de
laranjas e uma galinha ainda quente.



tudo

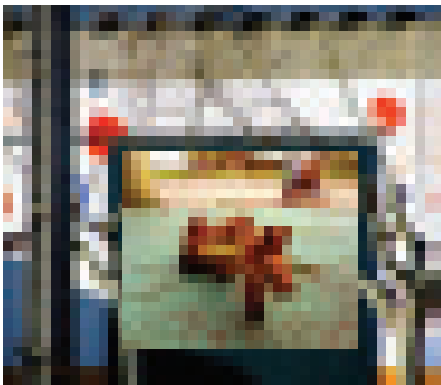




③ 1910 “chegou a república.
Ganhavam os homens doze ou
treze vinténs,
e as mulheres menos de metade
... Comiam ambos o mesmo pão de
bagaço, os mesmos farrapos de couve,
os mesmos talos.

A república veio despachada de
Lisboa,
andou de terra em terra
pelo telégrafo” [José Saramago. 1980.
Levantado do Chão, p. 33]

A nossa crítica ao culto nascido em
1960 “Relvas amigo do povo” cresceu
e amadureceu durante meses.
José Relvas, um dos fundadores da
primeira República, foi homem de
estado. Esses fundadores do estado
não se opuseram muito à preparação
do fascismo Português, preocupa-
dos que estavam com a manutenção
dos seus privilégios de classe. Esses
privilegiados desprezaram a estupenda
criatividade dos trabalhadores de
Alpiarça, testemunhada, por exemplo,
na extraordinária qualidade artística
de brinquedos desprezíveis que
se faziam em casas humildes. Talvez
estes objectos merecessem documen-
tação pública, acessível e funcional tão
vasta quanto aquela que se dedica às
obras de mau gosto que se apresentam
actualmente na casa do explorador
Relvas.

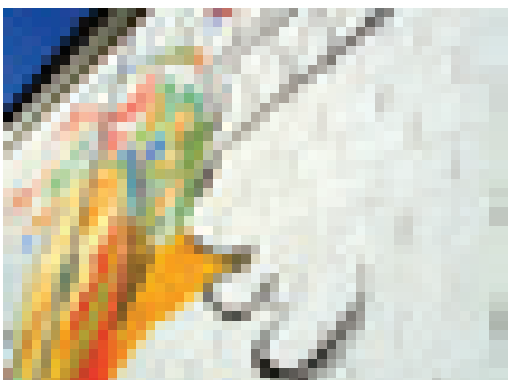


O fascismo aposentou Relvas, homem
de estado. Ele refugiou-se coleccion-
ando arte, a maior parte da qual não
revelando grande sentido de gosto e
decididamente arte não-proletária:
dinheiro proletário gasto em mau
gosto burguês com pretensões à



grande aristocracia. De facto era de ar-
istocracia muito pequena e com gosto
pequeno-burguês.
Que é preciso então para causar im-
pressão em Alpiarça?
Aqueles que criavam os valores materi-
ais que facilitavam as compras artís-
ticas do seu explorador não podiam
usufruir delas na sua vida e na sua luta
quotidiana. Que lixo desnecessário,
então!

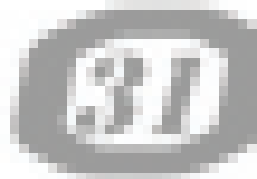
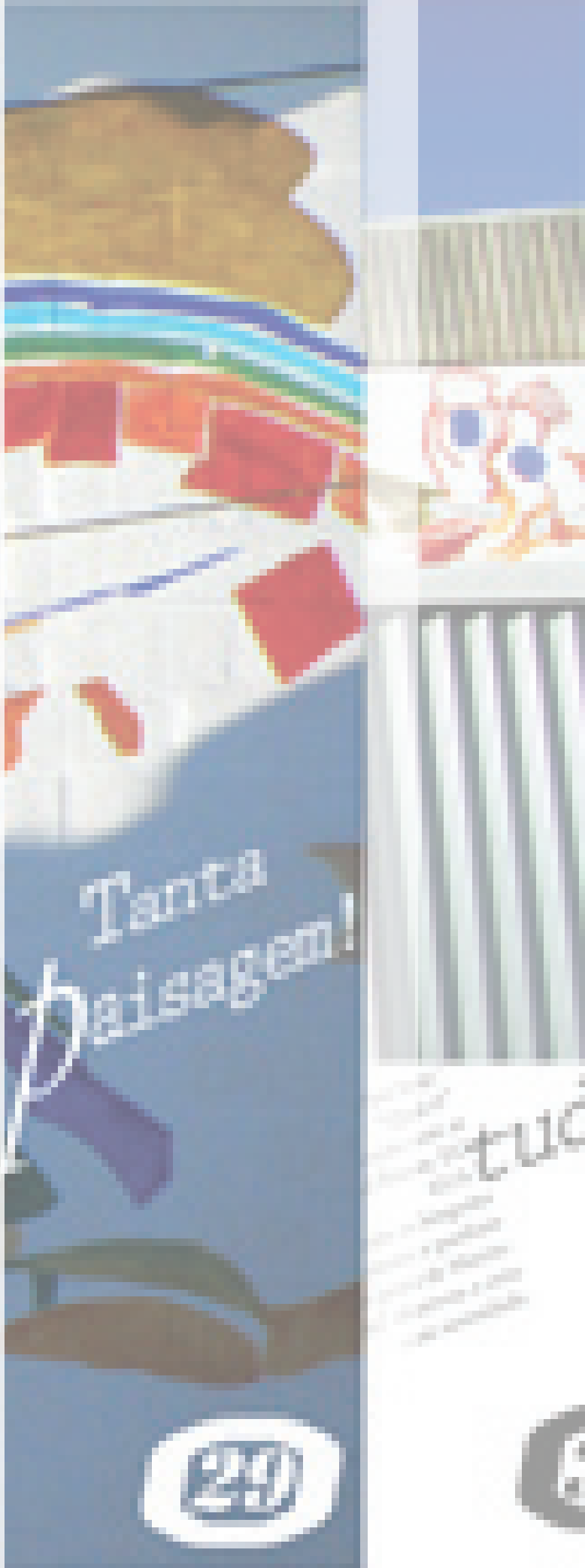
A arte coleccionada por Relvas é obra
de trabalho e imaginação humana
num sentido muito estrito. Pratica-
mente só lhe interessavam retratos e
paisagens de convenção pós-barroca
italiana e neoclassicista francesa. Essa
limitação longe das lutas que agita-
vam a vila nessa pesa ainda sobre as
posições estéticas da Alpiarça de hoje.
Não é fácil libertar-nos desse peso
seguindo as directivas dos nossos ad-
versários de classe do Governo Central
e da EU.
Quando íamos pintar na natureza ou
quando pintávamos em hospitais só
nos saíam retratos e paisagens à ma-
neira pseudo-italiana tão desprezada
por nós. Talvez que sob a pressão
hegemónica burguesa só nos saia o dil-
etantismo pitoresco. Mas há mais na
arte do movimento de Abril de 1974.
Os arquitectos urbanos actuais da
reconstrução de Alpiarça foram educa-
dos com o betão das escolas de Salazar
que derramaram sobre as suas cabeças,
começando pela prece obrigatória da
manhã. Muita da urbanística republi-
cana já foi destruída pelo betão

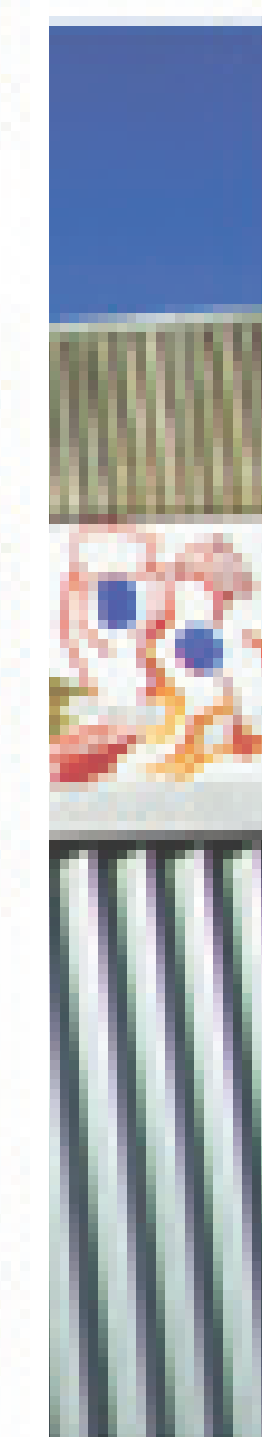


salazarista.
Arquitecturalmente,
ainda não tinha havido
Abril em Alpi-
arça.
O estilo das obras, tanto as megaló-
manas quanto as ridículas, conservam
o idioma da estética fascista. Daí que
essas obras se percam em formalis-
mos falocêntricos, sem que a maior
parte dos espaços criados tenham uso



ou sentido: nova Biblioteca, a Nave
Desportiva – Alpiarça é como um
monstruoso e disfuncional parque de
betão.
Recentemente enfileiraram à força a
estrutura do museu dos Patudos nesse
inferno de cimento. Deve ser uma
vingança inconsciente: é como se odi-
assem a sua herança republicana com
o fervor tóxico e brutal do Betonismo
Novo. O método mais seguro de de-
lapidar uma estrutura de cal é colocar
superfícies lisas de cimento por cima.
Desta forma assegura-se a ordem por
20, 30 anos, e depois: fissuras. Afinal o
reboco vai cair! E, ao cair, leva consigo
a substância calcífera, esse património
estupendo dos construtores republica-
nos. Durante meses, tentámos expli-
car a alpiarcenses como actualmente
se respeita o património de cal em
Itália, na Grécia... e na Roménia. O
príncipe Charles ofereceu cal viva de
dois anos de idade e mais para con-
struções na Roménia, a fim de evitar
os rebocos com cimento: “levem tanto
quanto precisarem” (nós levámos 550
kg para um fresco gigante em Sibiu,
Roménia). Com esta ajuda o príncipe
Charles salvou milhares de casas





tudo

④ “entre o muro e o deserto.
Tanta paisagem.”
[José Saramago. 1980. *Levantado do Chão*, p. 12]

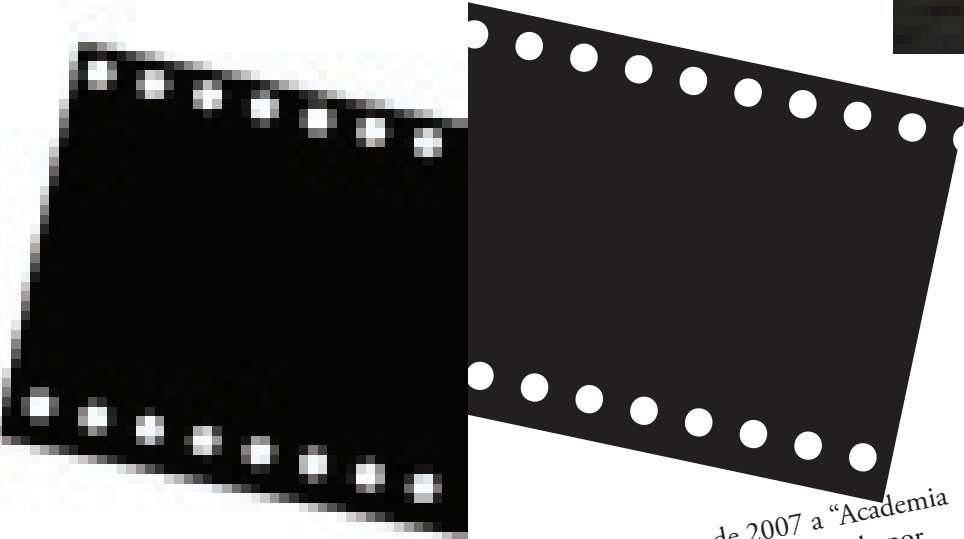
Aprendíamos que é quase impossível falar de endividamento financeiro privado em português contemporâneo. Não se fala desse elemento decisivo da vida social entre amigos, não se fala entre camaradas, nunca se fala disso em público. No campo uma árvore de enforcado está às vezes mais próxima do que a possível ajuda de resistência solidária contra os grandes opressores institucionais do nosso tempo. Talvez seja muito difícil conhecer as causas, mas não é difícil falar sobre as consequências: a depressão pessoal, crónica, por vezes clínica; uma epidemia silenciosa que logo depois de chegar à “vila tranquila” tocou também a nós, hóspedes de Alpiarça. Tocou violentamente, meses e

meses consecutivos: Podíamos escrever um drama inteiro no papel, mas não uma palavra sobre o muro. Durou, durou, durou. Para nós, parados quase 90% do tempo por blogues institucionais e blogues de controlo conservador, voluntários inibidos de fazer o voluntariado que tanto queríamos, a vida em Alpiarça foi na maior parte como para todos os desempregados: terrível – o deserto, impressão de viver entre muros massivos de cárcere. Perguntámo-nos: será a depressão das relações sociais que vemos de dia para dia aumentarem apenas um reflexo da nossa própria depressão como estranhos que não conseguem falar bem o português alpiarcense? Não há alternativas? Os estereótipos dominantes que limitam aos estrangeiros toda a integração na sociedade de Alpiarça

rapidamente nos infectaram a nós também: Que fazer para não sofrer tanto com o isolamento planificado, isolamento socialmente intencionado? Falar com nossos vizinhos chineses sobre os preços em Shang-hai? A solidão provincial está de facto insuportável, se bem que Alpiarça seja mais do que provincial. O slogan “Vila tranquila...” estampado nos veículos da Câmara Municipal desde 1998 incomodou-nos desde a primeira hora. Que mau momento teve o publicista quando inventou este slogan. Estaria oprimido por algum tipo de conformismo de sepulcro? Enfim, a tristeza alpiarcense do Inverno passado era pós-fascista ou pré-fascista? É natural que nos primeiros 3 meses não tenhamos conseguido atenuar uma tal solidão nem junto

dos camaradas, nem no trabalho, nem na leitura desolada do amigo Saramago. Apenas a paisagem a atenuou – uma paisagem esplêndida... que os ricos alemães já planeiam tornar numa autoestrada gigante Berlim-Lisboa a passar mesmo por trás das terras do Relvas... Projecto temporariamente congelado, mas que será recomeçado ainda antes que a austeridade termine e que os filhos de Alpiarça tenham pago as suas “assim chamadas” dívidas com a fome.

⑤ “não há justiça se uns têm tudo e os outros nada.”
[José Saramago. 1980. *Levantado do Chão*, p.212]



A 23 de Agosto de 2007 a “Academia do Fresco Livre” foi convidada por dirigentes de esquerda do sindicato comunista a trocar conselhos du-

rante um banquete de luxo em Pequim. Em meia hora, Martín comeu mais que o chefe de cozinha podia ganhar num mês. Quando já estava farto de bacalhau caríssimo, deu o seguinte o conselho:

“A vossa actual fracção ‘luta de classe’ pode vangloriar-se de ser verdadeiramente tolerada no PC da China: podia por isso finalmente reprimir os adversários de classe, todos os neo-liberais do partido e de fora.

Podia acordar nas forças armadas o desejo de expropriar radicalmente toda a propriedade privada dos meios de produção, unir-se com a Coreia do Norte, declarar Macau zona supra-nacional de “Queres comer mais dinheiro?”

pergunta-declarar Macau (em Mandarin usam a mesma palavra para dinheiro e para bacalhau). “Sim, por favor” respondeu Martín. “E só há uma condição da nossa parte.”

“Para hoje e para amanhã?”

“Para hoje.”
“Qual é?”
“Acabar com toda a colaboração com as juntas reaccionárias da actual Rússia, EU, EUA.”
“Vámos a ver,” responderam os hóspedes respeitosamente e punham mais bacalhau no prato de Martín. O “chefe de cozinha” observou a cena com serenidade.

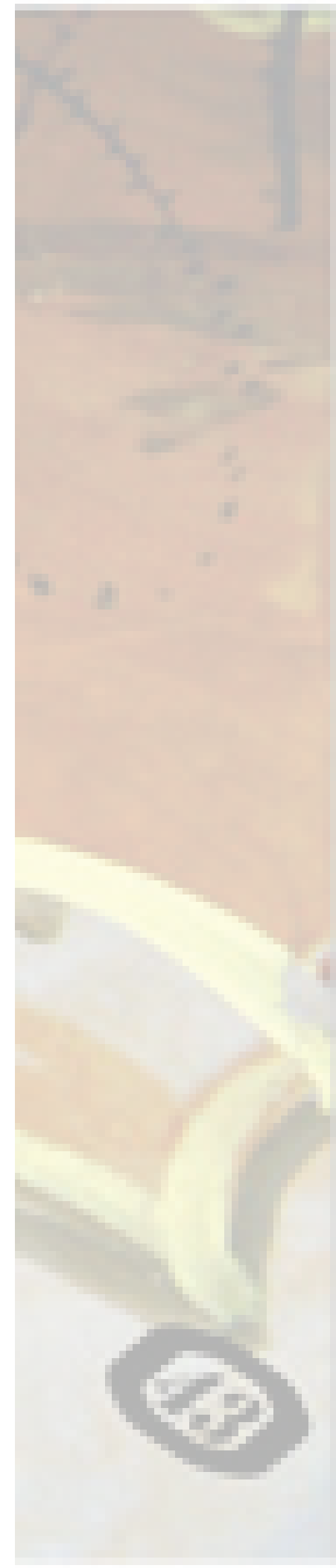


regi:
de Lúcio
"Acadêmicos"
de

A Academia de Belas Artes de São Paulo, fundada em 1824, é uma das instituições mais importantes da história da arte brasileira. Ela foi criada por iniciativa do então governador da Província de São Paulo, o Visconde de Albuquerque Maranhão, e teve como primeiro diretor o pintor português João Carlos de Oliveira. Desde sua fundação, a Academia tem desempenhado um papel fundamental na formação de artistas e na promoção da arte brasileira.

Acadêmicos

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1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

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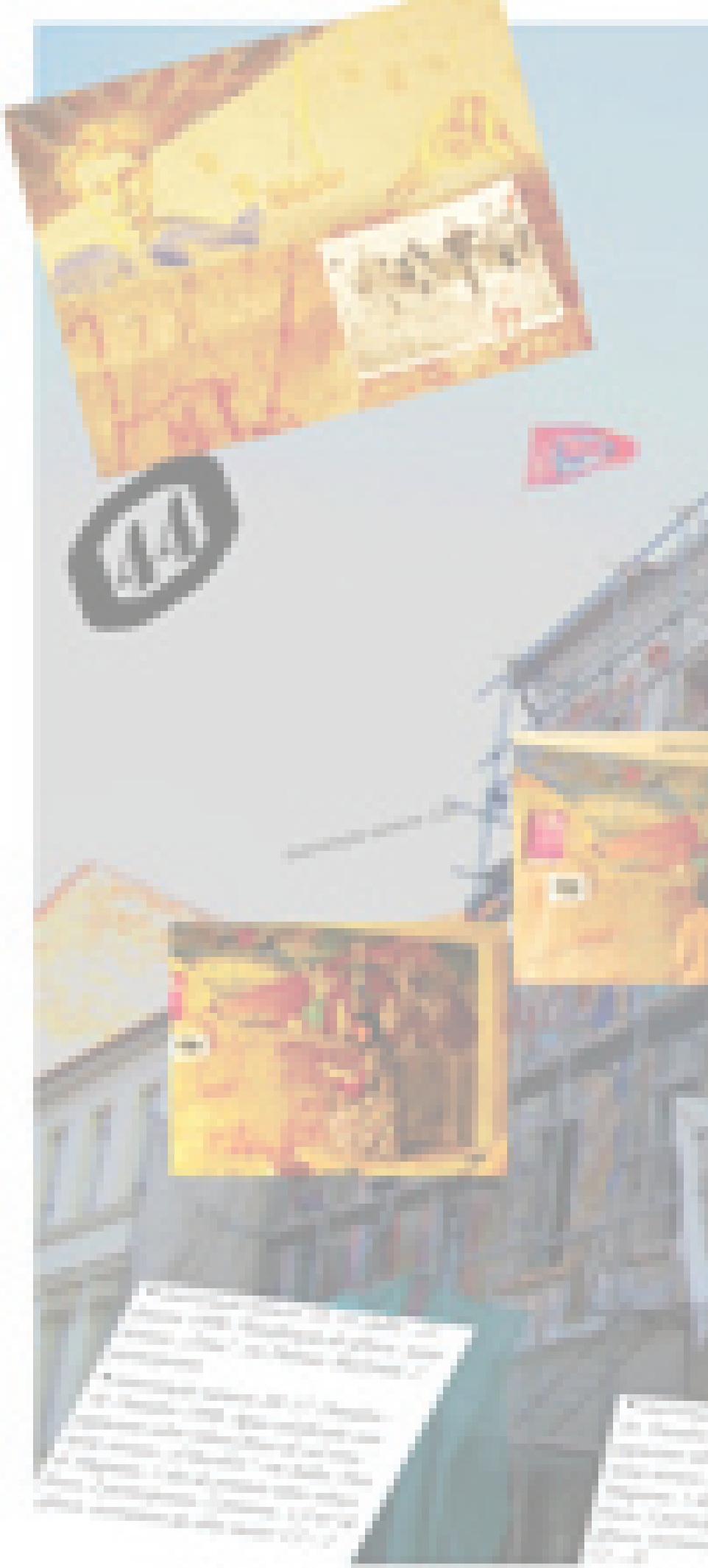
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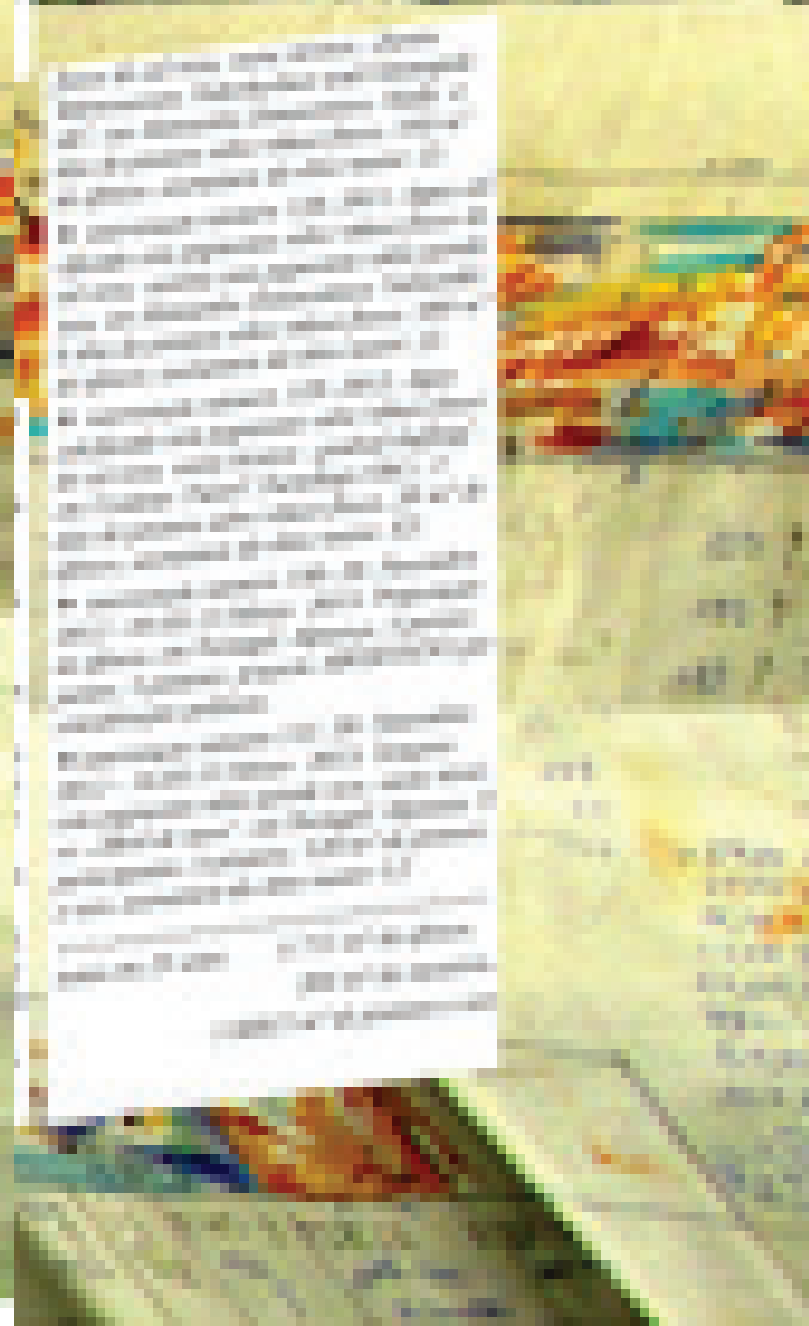
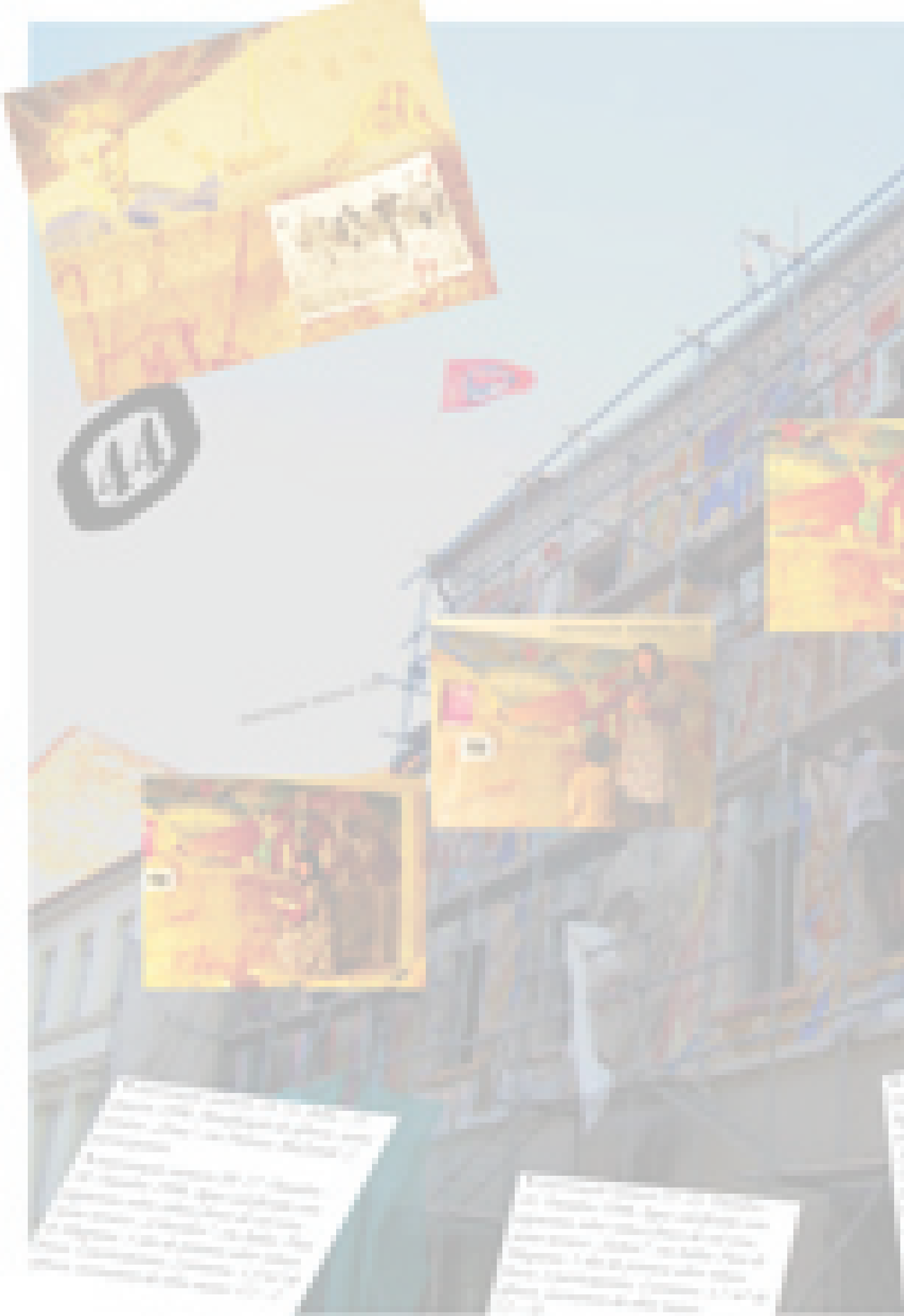
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"Physical aggression is the power, meaning, explanation, and discrediting relations of authority and work knowledge."



“For you, guy, I am Maria Apolina, got it? And now fuck off”
from here with your painting shit, will you?”
Alpiarça, 5th of March 2013

Maintaining the order of asymmetrical warfare at the workplace,
a case study of violence and its derivate in the
“business as usual” of present day Alpiarça

“Será que o partido não tem ninguém para cuidar da imagem! – Could it be [possible] that ‘The Party [i.e. The Portuguese Communist Party, PCP, at Alpiarça]’ has no one to save [us] from this painting! [not a question]”

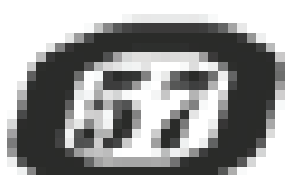
“Anónimo” 5 de Março de 2013 à 10:14 – “anonymous”
chat-log from the day of the assault, just minutes after
cracking down
on the painting workshop
documented under: <http://jornalalpiarcense.blogspot.pt/2013/03/apelo-camara-municipal-de-alpiarca.html>

endemic right
PCP and the agency
of its endemic right, a local case study
in
a borderline town
under crash capitalism

Working alone on the morning of 5th of March 2013 at the painting workshop in the premises of Câmara Municipal Alpiarça, Martin was attacked at 9:53 a.m. with iron bars. An impressively aggressive blog campaign had been launched precisely during the two preceding hours. Interestingly, the blog hate campaign against the murals in Alpiarça worked exclusively with photography from different cities documenting a completely different technique (spray paint). This coincidence is an interesting starting point for a closer look at the conflict in question which could be called a trifle incident compared to the broader issues at stake. Until today, we do yet not know for sure if and how the vicious internet attack and the occasional threat of violence at the site itself were actually co-authored. What we do know is the involvement of both anti-communist slur and certain communist party members in a unity of action that might surprise some.

Let’s follow the iron bars on their way to their aim. Their trajectory was to bang on the head of a volunteer painter. They fell short by some diameters of an eyeball. Not many.

“Physical aggression
is the gross identity
exploitation and
disavowing
relations of authority
and work knowledge.”



endemic right - exotic left

Yet, the xenophobic slurs accompanying the stroke and the explicit threat have us to leave town for the better reached their aim some decisive degrees more effectively, still. One of the factors mainly contributing to avoiding the physical impact of the aggression was that Martin actually succeeded in retreating fast and swiftly, doing everything possible never ever to engage in any contact or any vicinity any more with the aggressing party from that moment onwards. The presence of a whole gang of 5 male persons - all expressively unappreciative of the voluntary wall-painting process under way at Municipal premises - was actually NOT a factor contributing to avoiding bloodshed at 9:53 am of 5th March. Nobody of the gang assisting the aggressor in his advance, backing up his onslaught, cheering up his predator performance, no single one of them raised a hand or even a word to stop the metal bars from banging down on the head of their Alpiarça volunteer painter.

This obviously needs some background because Portuguese machismo generally gives itself an air of having something of a more benign and serene “culture” of restraint and subtlety. Take for example the ominous “hunting party” just nine days Sunday before. Working the wall facing the parking lot. We were faced with a mount-up of some 40 hunters in full battle-gear with their four-wheel drive pick-ups driving up on the scene roaring at the tip of their motor capacities. The direct neighbour of the painting site was obviously the main sponsor of events that Sunday. He threw in loads of meat to keep up spirits among the exclusively male congregation, which would hold their position for 4 full hours just in front of our workplace. He is a car service owner who has performed impressively in the arts of rural hate-relations, we must admit. He actually avoided answering our daily greetings or anyhow looking us in the eyes over exactly 110 days on a row. It was him to make the boldest stance on the hunter’s mobilisation day. He poked his own car, which cannot really keep up the all-dominating phallic contest with the metal and horse-power fortresses of his average land-owning clients, just meters up to our colour buckets to serve out his load of meat to the mob in military dress-up on the other side of his car. Needless to say that no one of the 40 males who spent the 4 hours no much further than 20 to 40 metres of our workplace ever lost a single word or a had the courage to take a single glance at us. That was actually quite a funny performance all over the day. On



the one hand, we did obviously not exist for them as human beings. On the other hand, they could have assembled their loads of metal, machine-power and meat at any other place in the two giant parking lots posing as a kind of urban plaza in the Alpiarça understanding. They did not. We mattered not a bit to them but somehow we mattered quite a bit. In the end they fed a dying dog with their food-waste. At that point we three were really getting hungry, because we had be so busy painting that we hadn’t even had a lunch-break. Their ambiguous macho stance would become more explicit and somehow more discernible in the week to follow.

Our investigation of this development leads us to the problem of the endemic right within the Portuguese Communist Party (PCP), the dominant factor in public life in Alpiarça as in many other counties south and eastwards. Alpiarça is a borderline situation which makes it particularly interesting. Even after close study and rereading now after some time for reflection with the help of insiders, it seems actually possible that not all of the hate speech on internet immediately before and during the hours after the physical attack on 5th of March was retractably inspired by anti-communism. How far the endemic right within PCP shared the mood of the hour or – not irrelevant when you are facing a metal bar over your head – did not choose to confront it. The party PCP is a force to be reckoned with in Alpiarça life. It has 500 members among 8000 inhabitants, by far outnumbering any other political organization... and to be precise other associations mainly defer as their front organisations when things get to the point. PCP is a hegemonic force in Alpiarça. So, if you want to stage an assault of “public anger” you have to take some of its social weight on board, otherwise you are set to fail. That’s actually what the “Socialist” party was obliged to do when taking power over the township during 1998-2009. Its leadership is controlled integrated by the richest family in Alpiarça, which – in turn- has its premises checked by two security guards day and night. This family actually appears at first glance to be the one and only family of real upper class in town. The former giant land-owners of Alpiarça, actually considered being the most fertile lands to the whole nation, have taken up residence in more mundane sites long ago, like e.g. Biarritz, Monaco. They prefer receiving their monthly dues by subjugated Alpiarça toilers in a different tax environment to put it mildly. The one who has stayed and does need security guards around the clock for his personal comfort is really not so easy about establishing a long-distance payment relationship with poor folks in town. Their long-term specialty is the trade in life labour and its related subsistence farming land assets. This family has made an obnoxious fortune starting well back in fascist times by speculating with cheap Alpiarça

construction labour and shipping it “just-in-time” to the construction camps of the capital Lisbon. A second and more solid boost to their fortune came on top of that thanks to the “art of speculating” with the plots of land necessary to the cheap subsistence of such “rural” labour. Their “Socialist”, in fact obnoxiously Neo-Liberal party, has serious purchasing power but a very weak human resources standing in town. Take art in public places for example. Ever wondered HOW the Portuguese super-rich could plunge the country and its toiling folk into such a monstrous debt situation even the big players in commercial Europe don’t appreciate any more? Well, have a look at public art in Alpiarça. Not the volunteer one of course cause we never risked getting a cent from public censors of our work, look instead at the publicly sponsored super-officialistic version of embellishing the meagre tourist assets at hand. Actually, it is not the result of mere funding contracts... a thing the Alpiarça muralists could only dream of. Or funding is open to the last minute at best. The only thing we can be sure about from the start is that we will be left with costs uncovered. Quite to the contrary, the main entrepreneur, littering the meagre townscape with his obnoxious semi-pornographic diletantism has actually received steady public employment benefits, health and pension fund contributions, holiday pay and his 13th monthly instalment every year by the public treasury. And he has not rested with this privilege. He has fucked up literally every single square and place of interest in his hunting realm with super-heavy, super-expensive metal clods of amateurish post-fascist photo-naturalism in 3 dimensions. It is literally tons and tons of metal waste standing around, wanting to mean something and getting disapproving popular laughter in the best of cases. You did not get it that living this provincial situation can be dreadfull, just have a look at its official artist and you get what we mean. Lately, this genius of empty phallic formalism even got the bit for an officialist “Saramago”-commemoration clod of metal in his native place nearby. The political life of this art aristocrat of Alpiarça is akin to his artistic slam. When election results in 1998 demonstrated it to be more advantageous to head for “Socialist” party life, he instantly threw away his communist party affiliation and affiliated with the new order of things in town.

How come then, right from the very morning hours of 5th of March members of PCP took up the reactionary and potentially fascistic talk of “Portuguese national heritage under threat by Russian elements”... bad research on most parts because passport Russianness is actually pure fiction when it comes to our painting collective. But, hark, the actual aggressor with a long-standing communist party affiliation was by far better prepared on facts for that crucial day of assault, see the minute account underneath. How come, one blogger even actively called for nothing else than a communists party member stance to make order with painting activity once and for all that very morning? And how come, a gang of five all lead and integrated by long-standing PCP affiliation

acted so ingeniously alongside this call just 23 minutes before it went online? Martin did not voice any testimony but in tones subdued after the lesson he got by the 5. Nobody was surprised. But actually he did not shut up either and that is what people in positions of responsibility just could not understand in the aftermath. It actually seemed to be something quite new in Alpiarça provincial life not to shut up when assaulted by known male members of “the community”. So, speaking up, no matter how conspiratively and low-profile, felt like a snow-ball effect after just some hours. In private conversations, people were actually coming out in return and talking about being aggressed at their workplace, the aggressors being consistently protected by the dominant hierarchy in town. Strangely enough, it was only women talking then. And their ordeal was obviously remaining uncared for over years and years on end. At some workplaces in Alpiarça, we became familiar with women would actually weep every single working day. When we began to learn their stories we felt as if the metal bars had already reached their aim. Obviously, living under the remainders of Soviet culture and Soviet women’s emancipation had not prepared us well to live in Alpiarça. We finally understood, how unfit we are to put up with the continuing legacy of the longest fascism ever to have haunted the face of Europe, i.e. its obnoxiously impoverishing Portuguese variant. In the days before the 25th November, we had just arrived to town we had our first shock experience when we learnt that actually nobody in town or in its generally well-educated administration seemed in any way aware that there was a United Nations day of action against male-gendered violence coming up. our proposal to invite some feminists from Lisbon to inform about the drastic recent up-surge in Portuguese domestic violence somehow fell on deaf ears. Physical aggression is the grease smearing exploitative and disheartening relations of authority and work bondage. Simulated aggression, strong words, shouting with phallic voices all this is an integral and quite necessary part of the game: the predator takes the habit of scaling the actual impact to his need in a given situation. He does so with a growing sense of guaranteed impunity: his social surrounding encourages him to become physical when HE pleases to... so with the years of such a male career moving from victory to victory, he really has the chance to get a virtuosi in the art of temporary restraints, right timing and to frolic in the so much richer possibilities of spaces considered as intimate privacy to achieve all his aims: public and private.

Martin did not stay silent. So he had to be silenced? That seems to be one of Alpiarça’s current unwritten laws and it was executed over the following week in a fashion so many women sympathetically hearing his rather trifle experience could tell us PERFECTLY in advance. A public inquiry was lanced, based on a detailed 1500 words account by the victim of what some would certainly term a gang assault or at least a severe case of mobbing by staff

against a volunteer at a shared workplace. To speak in Alpiarça terms, there was a working and a party problem attached to it, because the aggression happened by public employees in their paid time and public premises while they were actually predominantly Communist party members. The party aspect to the problem was dismissed almost immediately by leading figures in town. “This has absolutely nothing in the world to do with the party” was a phrase spoken at the pitch of civilized voices becoming so common in the following, that party figures of public standing even chucked it into conversation in completely different circumstances. It had become, so-to-speak the order of the day. PCP is a strictly “patriotic” formation. Its statutory stance of internationalism is in practice not always to be distinguished from a habitual attitude of foster care towards (former) Portuguese colonies around the world. Party policies dismiss xenophobia in so far as “Xenophobia is not something present in Portuguese public life”. That is actually a stance; Greek comrades had to revise during the last 4 years of new dynamics from crisis capitalism to crash capitalism. A week after submitting a factual and detailed account, documented underneath, to party and municipal organs (the police, the outstanding class enemy, was not to be implicated in the matter, that was the unanimous counsel by all women in solidarity with our stance) Martin was granted a formal conversation with the communist party number one of Alpiarça. It happened at 14:02 on Monday, 11th of March. Here is his personal account: “I waited for almost an hour in the hallway of the municipal authority to see whether someone would show up. The PCP number one of Alpiarça bumped into me and was perfectly informed about what I had said to lower ranks the minutes before. He was swiftly taking me out of reach from the public ear as he habitually makes a point of authority to begin with. So, I found myself drawn into the official reception hall of the Municipal authorities by the local party leader. I thought “wow!”. This was actually the first time in 110 days volunteering for Alpiarça municipal authorities that I was getting a meeting on the basis of an initiative which was not entirely mine. And the next day was to be my birthday. I could not believe how easy it was this time to get someone to talk to. I had not at all asked for such an official setting. As there is, almost as a rule of law, really never in 4 months any move from Municipal authorities towards the volunteers betraying any sense of initiative be it meetings or – let alone – action. So it stroke me as rather noteworthy. To be frank, I was increasingly curious what this was to be about. As a starter, I found to be informed why I was by now officially denied access to a Cuban doctor at the Municipal health facility. As Municipal volunteers, we had actually been inscribed into the Municipal health database. Maybe that had been an error. Nobody knows, nobody took care to explain. Effectively, our personal information and health record is now available electronically in the whole of Portugal and the European Union as part of their knowledge about Alpiarça. But the status

information attached to us on being granted this, as it turned out obnoxiously unclear healthcare status, changing from day to day, hour to hour, was describing us explicitly as “extra-communitarian”. So this was a No, the accidental (?) computer data base error had the last word in the decision which was left undecided for so long and talked about so much on all levels of municipal hierarchy. Still surprisingly for me, the issue had been all the while rather overloaded with a lot of personal promises by our PCP number one to “resolve the case by next Monday”, a promise never to be fulfilled he self-assuredly carried from week to week to week consecutively. Everybody familiar to the supreme Portuguese culture of making empty promises for the brilliant Romanic sound of making them knows what his means: most probably a little less than nothing. In practice, that meant now for me personally that I had to go the way every extra-communitarian has to go to be able to see a doctor in Alpiarça: pay some 30,- Euros or more for having my 5 minutes with him and register with the worst priority that is practically available to the always busy staffers in the reception hall, that is for the sort of us never earlier than the end of the following month or some time later... “come back later and we can tell you more precisely”. The first out-spoken “No” from our party number one to a possibility to have real time health care had of course a ringing sound. It went like that: “I will see to get a conversation with the president and I can raise the issue there. The president has to decide whether our doctor will receive you or not.” -“But he has already said that he wants to receive me three weeks ago and that helping me will be a business of minutes for him.” I tried to explain again as all the weeks before. “The only thing he wants is a half-a-minute private phone call from you confirming that I am indeed volunteering for the municipal authorities. He is just checking back because he did not know my face then.” “The president has to decide on that.” Ok, I gave up as in so many other causes we dared to raise in Alpiarça. Our volunteering was obviously too much for many up the ladder of hierarchy to handle in any way. So this topic was cleared after prolonged confusion on both sides. I felt somehow relieved... yet not of my medical concern for the time being. I noticed a silence. There was a quite discernible moment in the conversation then, when it seemed as nothing remained to be said any more. “Ah,” he paused as if having to touch a matter of trifle before being able to dismiss the guest he had lost so much time with already. “The aggression last Tuesday?” I suggested cautiously. An involuntary laugh went over the beautiful and highly intelligent face of PCP number one Alpiarça. My observation was probably focused with somewhat of a sharpened attention because I had actually spent a lot of time portraying this face only the Sunday before the assault. My glance at my counterpart was still getting familiar with the Romanic subtleties of expression so nicely reminding me of my Romanian grand-father I had last been able to see in springtime 1978. On that 11th of March 2013, the

“Physical aggression is the grease smearing exploitative and disheartening relations of authority and work bondage.”







...the only open door, he was smoking a cigarette, newly lightened. I asked him not to smoke in our working room. He refused to put out his cigarette anyway. I told him, that I expected my daughter any minute and that she should not breath cigarette air. He did not react. I reckon that he knew quite well that I had some successful arguments of that sort last Sunday, 3rd of March, 13:00-16:00, when I repeatedly asked visitors of a venue he is most likely linked to by party affiliation to please smoke outside and not besides the baby. So, I explained that Portuguese law clearly prohibits smoking at any closed work-place or other public place like this room of CM. I intentionally did not mention the obligatory fine, because I could be sure that he knew about it. There is a public announcement in the CM building where I know him working which states the number of the Portuguese law and the amount of the fine and implores men(!) not to continue to smoke in CM premises. Ironically, he made a vague sign at the half-open door, 2 times one single meter which was actually 30 metres away from where he was smoking at that moment, and said with authoritarian assuredness “this is an open place and your only preoccupation is to calm down, o.k.!”

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19 62

they were acting with instructions from CM. I got no answer to the question. The four now were actively pushing painting preparation items around, picking some up, precariously handling a big white colour bucket. I was worried that they will make a big mess; they were not far from kicking over some colours. I asked them to halt with the operation, allow me to do the work for them if it was indeed a shifting task they wanted to perform. I got no answer.

After three minutes, a man appeared whom I had last (28th of February) seen quite heavily drunk at a public bar, not able to formulate a coherent sentence though trying to do so in my face for half an hour. He called himself “encarregado – entitled to command”. I asked him if he had a key and instructions to enter the building with his gang. He just said “yes”, I was not shown the key, though I politely asked to see it. The self-declared gang leader then walked gloomily up to my planning table and glanced over my planning spread of 3 times 6 meters with a demonstrative frowning. I patiently explained him that this was the preparation of tomorrow’s work-shift. He did not reply but walked away ignorantly of my addressing him to verify a second door, which remained locked. When he returned to the planning table, i.e. 30 meters

away from the only open door, he was smoking a cigarette, newly lightened. I asked him not to smoke in our working room. He refused to put out his cigarette anyway. I told him, that I expected my daughter any minute and that she should not breath cigarette air. He did not react. I reckon that he knew quite well that I had some successful arguments of that sort last Sunday, 3rd of March, 13:00-16:00, when I repeatedly asked visitors of a venue he is most likely linked to by party affiliation to please smoke outside and not besides the baby. So, I explained that Portuguese law clearly prohibits smoking at any closed work-place or other public place like this room of CM. I intentionally did not mention the obligatory fine, because I could be sure that he knew about it. There is a public announcement in the CM building where I know him working which states the number of the Portuguese law and the amount of the fine and implores men(!) not to continue to smoke in CM premises. Ironically, he made a vague sign at the half-open door, 2 times one single meter which was actually 30 metres away from where he was smoking at that moment, and said with authoritarian assuredness “this is an open place and your only preoccupation is to calm down, o.k.!”

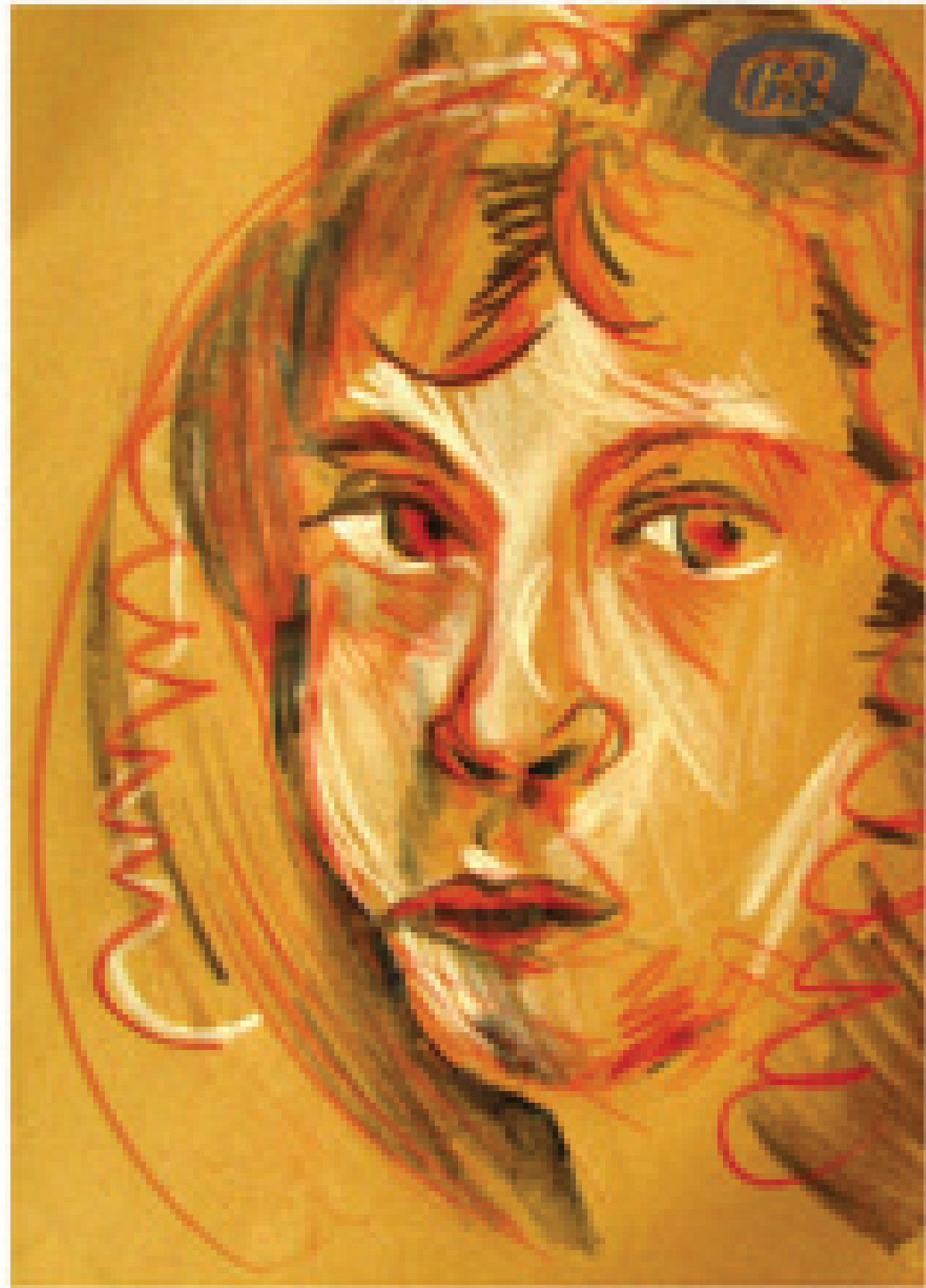
I went to the rest of the gang, who were still shifting painting materials, and asked them to leave the job to me to do. They did not react; instead one took the example of his gang leader and lighted a cigarette under my nose. I asked him to step out of the closed building for the few minutes he would smoke this cigarette. He refused to do so with obvious amusement and cheers from his fellow gang-members. I asked him his name and he said, not looking at me “Maria Apolina”. This is actually a citation from a national song. The gesture accompanying the outright lie was as if saying: For you, guy, I am Maria Apolina, got it? And now fuck off from here with your painting shit, will you?

When I then asked him why he put up such a behaviour, he visibly exploded with rage, took um a metal-bar chair at his side in a fast and furious movement to crush it over my head within

just a second. I evaded the strike by moving backwards. He kept on menacing me, now shouting at the full pitch of his voice “you fucker go back to your Germany”. This is an intentional manipulation. As we have been working in Alpiarça almost 4 month now as volunteers at the invitation of CM, it is generally known that we live in Kiev and not in Germany. He was informed very well about me, because the fact that I have actually a German passport, though speaking Russian all day in our volunteer collective is not widely known.

I went up to the gang-leader who had disappeared from the scene around the corner when the aggression was unfolding. I asked him whether I should be left in the belief that the name of the man in black dress was actually “Maria Apolina”. He said that this was not the case and dismissed my right to know any better. In departing the gang leader wanted to close the door, which would have shut me in. The driver informed him that the door had been open on arriving. The gang leader would not accept that. He came up to me two times, circling around the whole building, checking other doors, asking me always the same question whether the door was open when his gang arrived.

This question was obviously useless as he, pretending to be the only one with a key to the door, had not opened it. He inquired me who had opened the door. I said it was Celestino Brasileiro. He continued asking me on the topic. I understood that he had no practical purpose of circling around the room and repeating questions I had long since answered. It was rather to ensure sovereignty on the scene of the aggression to assert his role as the head of operations, while he had clearly fled the site when personal aggression was unfolding. In the whole assault, there was not a single statement or action by the gang to restrain the brutality of the attacker, nor the insinuation of his aggressive words, meant to insult me to the maximum. The gang then left and it became clear that the shifting of colours from the elevation palette and the shifting of the elevation palette to a far corner had not been in any way necessary. When I looked at a clock after calming down from heavy shock, I saw that it was 10:20.’



Donnerstag, 1. April 2010
14:00 - 15:00 Uhr

